

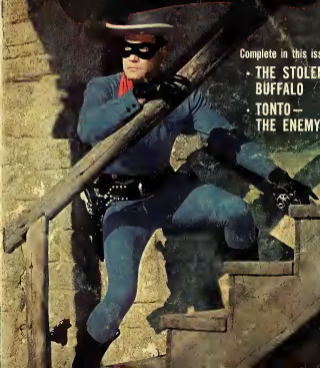
DELL

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AUG.-SEPT.

# the Lone Ranger

Complete in this issue:

- THE STOLEN BUFFALO
- TONTO — THE ENEMY



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# the Lone Ranger

WAR DRUMS SOUNDED IN THE SIOUX CAMP AND THE LONE RANGER KNEW FIGHTING WOULD SOON START BETWEEN THE SIOUX AND WHITE BUFFALO HUNTERS, UNLESS HE COULD RESCUE...

## The Stolen Buffalo



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MY ARROW!

WHERE'D THAT  
ARROW COME  
FROM?



USE YOUR ARROWS!  
HIM WHO HIDES HIS  
FACE IS AN ENEMY OF  
THE HUNTERS...  
AND OUR FRIEND!



SIOUX  
HELP US!

THEY MUST HAVE SLIPPED  
ACROSS THE TRACKS  
WITHOUT THE CAVALRY  
SPOTTING THEM! THIS IS  
OUR CHANCE, TONTO!  
LET'S RIDE!



COME ON,  
SILVER!

GET-UM  
UP, SCOUT!

BANG

BAM



THE MASKED  
MAN'S RIDING...

GET DOWN  
OR YOU'LL STOP  
AN ARROW!



SOON...

YOU SAY HUNTERS  
DON'T THEN DRIVE HERD  
NORTH OF TRACKSIOUX  
GO NOW BRING-UM  
BACK HERD!

WE'LL RIDE WITH  
YOU ARROW-  
SHAKER, BUT I  
WANT TO PREVENT  
ANY FIGHTING  
BETWEEN YOU AND  
THE HUNTERS!



QUICKLY THE LONE RANGER TELLS HOW THE SIOUX HERD WAS DRIVEN NORTH OF THE TRACKS....



LATER, IN THE NEAREST TOWN NORTH OF THE TRACKS....



HALF A MILE NORTH OF THE STOLEN HERD,  
THE SIOUX DANCE BEGINS...



IT LUCKY TROOPERS  
LET-UM CROSS TRACKS!

ONCE THEY SAW THE SIOUX WERE  
UNARMED, I KNEW THEY WOULD! NOW  
COVER YOUR EARS! THOSE DRUMS ARE  
GOING TO GET VERY LOUD!

AS THE DANCERS SPEED UP THEIR STEPS,  
THE DRUMS BOOM IN GROWING FURY...

WHILE NEARBY...



WHAT'S THE MATTER,  
MOM? DON'T YOU  
LIKE YOW-YOWS?



HERD'S  
JUST AHEAD!

SPEAK  
LOUDER!  
THOSE DRUMS  
ARE MAKING  
AN AWFUL  
RACKET!



LOOK!

BLAST IT! THOSE  
DRUMS ARE  
STAMPEDING  
THE HERD!



THEY'RE HEADING  
STRAIGHT SOUTH!  
THEY'LL END UP ON  
THE INDIAN LANDS  
AND WE CAN'T  
STOP 'EM!

SIOUX...



BUT SUDDENLY, A RUMBLE SOUNDS...



LATER...



# the Lone Ranger

SINCE THE DAY HE DONNED HIS MASK, THE LONE RANGER KNEW TONTO AS A LOYAL COMPANION, BUT Suddenly A SACRED INDIAN CEREMONY CHANGED ALL THAT AND HE FOUND...

## Tonto, the Enemy

AREN'T WE ALMOST AT YOUR TRIBE'S CAMP, TONTO?

UGH! NOW TONTO LEARN IF REPORTS THAT STONE BEAR VERY SICK OR TRUE, DAN!



WHY DO YOU FUSE AT TONTO...YOUR OWN TRIBESMAN?

THE PALEFACES MUST STOP HERE!



... STONE BEAR PLENTY SICK! WE CAN HOLD SACRED DANCE TONIGHT! HIM SAY IF PALEFACE COME INTO CAMP CAMP NOT BE PURE! DANCE FAIL! STONE BEAR DIE!

IN HANG TONTO AGREES WITH THE TRIBESMEN...











AND SUDDENLY THE BINOCULARS  
FOCUS ON THE MOVING GRASS...



UNCLE! COME QUICKLY!  
A BRIBE FROM A DIFFERENT  
TRIBE JUST LEFT TONTO'S  
CAMP... AND WITH THEIR  
MEDICINE BUNDLE!



QUICKLY THE LONG RANGER RACES TO CUT  
OFF THE ENEMY BRIBE...

YOU THERE—  
STOP!



DROP  
IT!



NOW I'LL TAKE THE  
MEDICINE BUNDLE!



THAT YOU  
WOP GET!















BUT IF THOSE  
COYOTES DIDN'T...

FOLLOW ME TO THE  
NEARBY INDIAN  
CAMP!... COME ON  
SILVER!

REACHING THE CAMP, WHERE HE IS WELL KNOWN,  
THE LONG RANGER QUICKLY TELLS THE CHIEF WHAT  
HAPPENED...



IF YOU CAN SHOW ME ANY  
BRAVE WHO TRY STEAL HORSES,  
I SEND-UM TO INDIAN AGENT  
FOR PUNISHMENT!

LET ME SEE ALL  
YOUR BRUERS! MAYBE THEN WE  
CAN DETERMINE  
IF THE RUSTLERS  
CAME FROM  
HERE!

AND AS THE CHIEF ORDERS HIS  
BRANDS TO LINE UP...



THOSE THREE...  
THEY ARE THE  
RUSTLERS!

CAN HUH-WHO-  
NIDES-HIS-VICE  
PROVE IT?



IF I AM RIGHT,  
WE WILL FIND  
COYOTE SKINS  
IN THEIR TENTS!

THEM ALL LIVE IN SAME  
TENT, BUT NOT SEE-UM  
HUNT COYOTE SKINS!

A FIRST GLANCE SHOWS NOTHING, BUT THEN  
BEHIND THE NEW CODEN...



THEY CRAWLED UNDER THESE  
SKINS TO SCARE AND STAMPEDE  
THE HORSES THEY PLANNED  
TO STEAL!

I WILL NOT LET  
THE WOLF  
TAME US!



*SWIFTLY THE LONG RANGER PURSUES THE FLEEING KIDNAPER...*



*FOR SOLUTION TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN...*



WHEN THE LONG RANGER SAW HIS STUNG ON THE PLAINS AND KNOTS OF ONLY THREE BONES, HE KNEW THEY GOT THEIR SKINS WHEN THEY COULD ON HANDS AND KNOTS UNDER THE COVOTE SKINS.

## MAN FROM *Medicine Bow*



CON-BOAT, 1947 BY WOODS, HENNING & LIND CO.

In the sheriff's office at Black Rock Deputy Kip Daniels finished reading the papers on his desk, then he looked up at his visitor. "Well, everything seems to be in order." He paused uncertainly. "But I just can't turn over the prisoner to you. After all, he goes on trial tomorrow for armed robbery."

The man before him frowned and pointed down at the papers. "But look here. That warrant says Dace Farley's wanted for murder back in Medicine Bow. We've got a prior claim to that killer, I tell you."

Kip looked down and away. There was something about the visiting lawman's face that bothered him. There was something about that frown—

"Say, haven't I seen you somewhere before," asked Kip.

"Like as not you have," said the dark stranger impatiently. "Like I told you I'm chief deputy at Medicine Bow—and I reckon I get around."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Kip regretfully. "I can't do anything about releasing Farley until the sheriff gets back. He's tracking down Farley's partner in that bank hold-up . . . A fellow named Blackie Soames. They say he's twice as dangerous as Dace Farley. Reckon the sheriff won't be back for a couple of days."

The stranger's frown became a scowl. In a lightning move his hand went to his waist and came away with a six-gun. "Mis-

ter," he said savagely. "I'm not waiting. I'm taking the prisoner now—and we'll argue about it later."

Kip rose slowly from his seat, his face pale and tense. The dark stranger smiled wickedly at the deputy's pallor. "Nothing to be afraid of, sonny. Just do as you're told."

"Doesn't seem right for one lawman to pull a gun on another," said Kip slowly.

"Reckon I operate different than some you've seen," the other admitted with a twisted grin. "Now, give me the keys to the cells."

Kip paused, uncertainly and then looked toward a corner of the room. "The sheriff keeps those keys in that middle drawer." He gestured toward a file cabinet against the wall. "You'll find them there."

"You find them, friend, and stop playing for time. It won't do you any good."

The disgruntled look on Kip's face showed that the stranger had struck the mark. Slowly Kip opened the drawer and fumbled among the papers—and then suddenly he paused as if he had seen something startling inside.

The stranger darted around toward the drawer and gestured Kip away with his gun. "There's something inside that drawer beside the key, isn't there?" he said knowingly. "Something like a gun maybe?" His hand rustled among the papers. For a moment the stranger turned away toward the door.

It was then that Kip made his move. With one hand he knocked aside the stranger's gun. With the second he rammed home the open file drawer on the other's probing hand. The stranger's howl of anguish was cut short by a knock-out blow from Kip's fist.

It was only then that Kip reopened the drawer and took out the thing that had caught his eye—the handbill bore a perfect likeness of the stranger who lay unconscious on the floor. "Blackie Soames, Dace Farley's owl-hoot partner," Kip said in wonder. And then he smiled at the humor of it. "Just think of the poor sheriff searching the hills for Blackie when Blackie's waiting for him here all the time."

# YOUNG HAWK











LITTLE BUCK TAKES MORE CAREFUL AIM---



...AND STRIKES AN EXPOSED FOOT, JUST AS YOUNG HAWK'S SHAFTH PINS A MATCHEZ HAND TO ITS BOW!



A THIRD MATCHEZ YELPS, AN AIM PIERCED BY YOUNG HAWK'S ARROW!



SUDDENLY THE MATCHEZ ARE FADING INTO THE FOREST, WITH NO THOUGHT BUT ESCAPE.





MANY DAYS LATER, WHERE THE WIDE MISSOURI JOINS THE "FATHER OF WATERS"---



TWO WEEKS LATER—CHAMPT IN A SUDDEN FLOOD---



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says:

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is crushed—and the rest of me isn't in very good  
shape, either. My mouth feels full of sawdust!"



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that flattened out feeling and  
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